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VARIOUS VERSES.

BY
W. P. HARVEY, M.A.,
NELSON PROWER, M.A.,
AND THE
REV. R. C. FILLINGHAM, B.A.

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ERRATA.

P. 21, line 5, for *victor* read *lictor*.

P. 40, line 3, for *linguit* read *linquit*.

P. 55, line 405, for *'Tis* read *It is*.

P. 72, 4th line from bottom, for *card* read *heard*.

W. F. HARVEY, M.A.

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DELICIIS MEIS.

W. F. HARVEY, M.A.

983439

HORACE I. 8.

Lydia, die per omnes.

Come, Lydia, tell me why,—
By all the mighty gods I thee entreat,—
Young Sybaris should fly
The sunny plain, once wont to dust and heat
Now hurried by thy love to ruin fleet?

Why no more is he fain
In knightly jousts for mastery to strive,
And by sharp bits restrain
The mouths of Gallic steeds with fire alive;
But in the yellow Tiber fears to dive?

But why should he now dread
The athlete's ointment more than serpent's gore,
Whose white arms then were red
With dart or discus hurled across the floor,
Beyond the mark, as oft his fame of yore?

Why lieth he now hid,
Like sea-born Thetis' son, in girlish guise,
Lest he forthwith be bid,
In manly weeds, against doomed Troy arise,
And smite the Lycian host with fell surprise

W. F. H.

FROM HEINE.

There was an agéd monarch,
Slow was his pulse and grey his head
This poor deluded monarch
Took a fair young queen to his bed.

There was a pretty page boy,
Golden his locks and blithe his mien;
His duty was to carry
The long-silken train of his queen.

Wist you the old, old story,
That rings so sad, that rings so true?
They loved each other so madly
That e'en death brought to them no rue.

W. F. H.

MADONNA MIA.

My love is as the lily fair,
My love is as the violet sweet;
The silken tresses of her hair
Enshadow beauties not unmeet
For kings to greet.

My heart is faint; I may not dare
Lift up my gaze from her small feet,
That, half-exposed, their whiteness bare
Unslippered for the summer heat,
Beneath her seat.

I am her liegeman; 'tis my care
To wait her coming down the street:
And tend her when she takes the air
Amidst the waving fields of wheat,
For cool retreat.

I mark her footfall on the stair;
With love's hot glow my pulses beat:
O would that I her handmaid were
Who tends her when she sits at meat,
Dainty and neat.

W. F. H.

CATULLUS.

Lesbius est pulcher: quid ni? quem Lesbia malit
Quam te cum tota gente, Catulle, tua
Sed tamen hic pulcher vendat cum gente Catullum,
Si tria natorum savia reppererit.

Call Lesbius handsome? Well, perhaps
He is, since Lesbia that confesses,
But sell me up with all my traps
If child of his likes his caresses.

W. F. H.

CATULLUS.

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
Quam mihi, non si se Juppiter ipse petat
Dicit: sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.

My mistress vowed she'd never wed
Another, not if Jove e'en sought her;
But women's oaths, 'tis ever said,
Are writ in wind and running water.

W. F. H.

HORACE II. 19.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem (credite posteri!)

Amid lone crags I once saw Bacchus teaching
(Strange legend this to men in after years!)
His pupil nymphs; goat-footed satyrs reaching
Sharp-pointed, list'ning ears.

With new-born terror now my breast is quaking,
This wine-enfrenzied brain forbear to smite
Great Bacchus, by thine awful thyrsus shaking
'Gainst me, a luckless wight.

I marked the Mænads tripping o'er the mountain,
And rivulets that ran with milk galore;
And hollow tree-trunks, near a wine-flushed fountain,
Distilled their honied store.

Of Ariadne, now enskied in glory
Amidst the starry host, 'tis mine to sing;
Of Pentheus' ruined palace, and the story
Of Thrace's ill-starred king.

The Indian ocean, like a stream thou windest;
Now, sitting drunken by sequestered rocks,
With coronals of deadly snakes thou bindest
Thy Mænads' scathless locks.

Once, when the giant horde with rage unholy
The fastness of thy father's realm would scale,
Thou hurledst Rhætus by thy strong arm solely
With lion-jaw and nail.

They err who deem thee merely lord of pleasure,
For war unfitted, wed to jest and song:
Thou, leader in the dance's peaceful measure,
In war art no less strong.

The three-tongued Cerberus, at thy going
Bedecked with golden horn, forgot to rail;
But fawned upon thy feet, affection showing,
And gently wagged his tail.

W. F. H.

CATULLUS.

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omn's unius æstimemus assis.

Let's live, my Lesbia, and despise
Crabb'd grey-beards' babble, lover-wise,
Their frowns aren't worth a *sou*,
For suns may rise and suns may set
When this brief life is faded, yet
Death's sleep for me and you

A thousand kisses; add five score
Another thousand kisses more;
Then best forget them all,
Lest any wight with evil eye
Our too close counting might espy,
And dire mishap befall.

W. F. H.

FROM DE MUSSET.

MADRID.

Eyes of black and eyes of blue
Nightly wanton in our view,
Or amidst thy lanes lie hid,
Queen of cities, fair Madrid,
Where lithe-footed damsels walk,
Lovers serenade and talk.

Many white hands clap, I ween,
When thy bulls bound on the scene
Many scarves then flutter high
'Neath thy star-illumined sky,
Oft some veiled señora fares
Down thy azure-tinted stairs.

City, though I dare to jest
At thy matrons' waist-compressed,
Or their tightly buckled shoes,
Never shall my tongue refuse
Fullest meed of praise to one,
Loveliest woman 'neath thy sun.

A duenna guards my fair,
Combs and plaits her wealth of hair,
Shuts the door 'gainst all save one,
Be he bishop or king's son,
If you would approach my lass
Whisper in her ear at Mass.

She's my Andalusian queen,
Brightest widow eyes have seen ;
Long the lashes on her cheek,
Is she angel, demon? speak.
Orange hues her features mark ;
She's as lively as a lark.

See her droop her panting mouth,
Hot with kisses of the South ;
Watch her crushed in my embrace
Struggle with a supple grace ;
Mark her lissom body curl,
More a serpent than a girl.

But you question by what art
I made conquest of her heart.
First my glossy charger pranced,
Next I compliments advanced
On her mantle—after this
At Carnival I stole a kiss.

W. F. H.

FROM HEINE.

Each morn I send you violets,
  Found in the forest's ways;
Each eve I bring you roses,
  Culled in the twilight's haze.

Wist you what mystic meaning
  These lovely flowers convey?
At night they bid you love me
And guard your troth by day.

W. F. H.

BÈLE DOETTE.

AN ANONYMOUS FRENCH ROMANCE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

The fair Doette at her window sits
Conning a book, though her whole heart flits
To her spouse, Count Do, who hied away
To stranger lands for the tourney's fray.
  Deep is my dole of it!

A squire rides up to the castle stairs,
From his saddle-bag a letter bears;
But the fair Doette no fears assail
As the messenger she hastes to hail.
  Deep is my dole of it!

In eager haste she asks of him straight,
"How fares the spouse I so long await?"
But the squire for pity weeps full sore,
A-swoon falls fair Doette on the floor.
  Deep is my dole of it!

The fair Doette from her swoon restored,
Looks on the squire who comes from her lord;
With wrath and teen her heart's full sore
For love of the spouse she'll see no more.
Deep is my dole of it!

"Come tell me now, without fail or fear,
Where is my lord whom I hold so dear?"
"In God's name, lady, to tell is pain;
Dead is my lord, at the tourney slain."
Deep is my dole of it!

The fair Doette is making her moan:
"Woe worth the day you left me alone!
For the love of you no raiments rare
Shall be to me for my body's care,
But to St. Paul's as a nun I'll fare."
Deep is my dole of it!

"For you I will build an abbey fair;
To its yearly feast shall none repair
But such as have kept their plighted troth
(To recreant lovers I am loath)."
"Now to St. Paul's as a nun I'll fare."
Deep is my dole of it!

The fair Doette has an abbey raised
(There's none for beauty and size more praised).
Thither the squires and dames resort,
Who sorrow and weep for love's disport.
Deep is my dole of it!
"Now to St. Paul's as a nun I'll fare."

W. F. H.

FROM SOPHOCLES.

LOVE THE CONQUEROR.

O Love that art stronger than legions,
Thou hiest where riches abound;
The soft cheeks of maidens thy regions
At night-tide are found.

Thence winging thy way o'er the ocean
On roofs of some rustics to light;
No men are secure from thy potion,
No gods from thy spite.

Thou fillest thy victims with madness,
To folly thou wrestest the just;
E'en kinsmen escape not the sadness
Of hatred and lust.

A glance of requited affection
Makes mock of the law's stern behest:
And Venus still holds in subjection
The heart in each breast.

W. F. H.

FROM A LATE GREEK POEM.

Dead thou art not: for thy dwelling
Is the Islands of the Blest;
Far from evil, where sweet-smelling
Flowers unfading soothe thy rest.

Now amidst the fields, in gladness,
Of Elysium take thine ease.
Neither heat nor cold or sadness,
Thirst or hunger or disease
Wait upon thee, like us mortals;
But a blameless life is thine
On Olympus, near its portals,
Basking in the light divine.

W. F. H.

HORACE C. I. 11.

"*Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas), quam mihi, quam tibi*
Finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios."

Peer not into lore forbidden,
Nor Chaldean tables try;
From your gaze and mine lies hidden
By what death we're doomed to die.

Better far for us endurance
Of the lot the Gods have cast:
Unto us comes no assurance
That this winter's not our last,

Which against yon rocky curtain
Breaks the fury of its seas;
Since our span of life's uncertain,
Let us strain our wine from lees.

Cease from hope your strength to borrow,
Envious years our hopes gainsay;
Never blindly trust the morrow;
Snatch the pleasures of to-day.

W. F. H.

HORACE C. IV. 7.

"*Diffugere nives : redeunt iam gramina campis.*"

Gone is the snow : once more we see abiding
Soft verdure on the plain,
Leaves on the trees, the winter's floods subsiding
Within their banks again.

The Nymphs and sister Graces garments scorning
Lead forth the dancing throngs ;
To you, the hours that steal our days give warning
No after-life belongs.

Warmth waits on cold, on springtide summer quickly
To perish : in her train
Comes autumn : when her stores of fruit grow sickly
Dull winter holds its reign.

Moon follows moon in rapid revolution,
But we some day must fade,
Like the old heroes, in our dissolution
To dust and ghostly shade.

What knowledge have we that the gods supernal
Will grant another day,
Or all you leave him in your love paternal
Your heir won't fling away ?

High-born and eloquent, of rev'rent bearing,
You pass into the tomb ;
What help are these, Torquatus, where you're faring ?
Minos has fixed your doom.

Hippolytus, now deaf to Dian's weeping,
In nether darkness lies ;
Pirithous on Lethe's river sleeping
Wakes not for Theseus' cries.

W. F. H.

AFTER HEINE.

Ein edler Stolz in allen Zügen,
Auf seiner Stirn Gedankenspur,
Er konnte jedes Herz besiegen,
Bertrand de Born, der Troubadour.

A NOBLE pride marked ev'ry feature,
Upon his brow thought's stamp he bore
He won the heart of ev'ry creature—
Bertrand de Born, the troubadour.

His dulcet strains had power to waken
The lioness Plantagenet ;*
Her daughter and two sons were taken,
His song lured all within his net.

The father, too, by his sweet pleading,
To tears was moved from angry scorn ;
His words had witchery exceeding,
The troubadour's, Bertrand de Born.

W. F. H.

HORACE IV. 11

Est mihi nonum superantis annum
Plenus Albani cadus.

My cask stands brimming o'er with wine—
Choice Alban—pressed some autumns nine ;
And in my garden you may gather
Of parsley and ivy, wreaths to twine

* Eleanor, Consort of Henry II. of England

Around your brows, a goodly store ;
The home smiles bright with plate galore ;
  The altar, decked with holy vervain,
Awaits with longing the slain lamb's gore.

No hand is idle : to and fro
My lads and lasses hurried go,
  Whilst, whirling through the roof in eddies,
The flickering flames foul smoke-clouds throw.

Mark well what pleasures on you wait
When April's Ides we celebrate,
  That day reserved for sea-born Venus,
Which severs the month—a hallowed date.

A feast-day, too, of solemn rite,
Next mine own birthday in my sight ;
  For from that morn my friend Mecaenas
Must count his years by their rapid flight.

Your high-born Telephus has strayed
From your embraces to a maid,
  Who holds him bound with silken fetters,
In riches and wanton charms arrayed.

'Gainst aims too high what warning showed
Rash Phaëthon, blasted on his road ;
  In pride winged Pegasus disdaining
Bellerophon's weight, his mortal load.

Best follow what for you is meet ;
Beyond that goal lies fell deceit.
  With like mates like, and this observing
Come, last of my loves, my life complete.

No more henceforth my heart shall stray
To stranger maidens. Learn to play
  On skilful lute to your sweet singing,
Whereby black cares may be chased away.

W. F. H.

HORACE II. 8.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam.

I WOULD believe you had the gods you slighted
But punished you somewise for faith forsworn ;
One tooth less pearly or one nail e'en blighted
Should wreak your scorn.

Yet, bound by vows made only to be broken,
Your beauty with fresh lustre shines enhanced,
And on you in your walks, with love unspoken,
Youths gaze entranced.

Your mother's ashes, to your shame eternal,
Unscathed you dare invoke with perjured breath ;
Heaven and its silent star-fields ; gods supernal,
Who taste not death.

Venus, methinks, laughs at it ; nymphs are smiling—
The simple nymphs with Cupid fierce of mien,
Who ever at his bloody whetstone's grinding
His arrows keen.

What's more, your court of youths still keeps increasing ;
New slaves wait on you while the old ones stay,
Who threaten you, for scandals e'en unceasing
To run away.

By matrons blessed with striplings you are dreaded,
By thrifty greybeards too, whose sons are dear,
And sad-eyed girl-wives that have lately wedded
For husbands fear.

W. F. H.

JEHAN FROISSART.

BALLADE OF THE DAISY.

Above all flowers the röse reigns queen,
And next to her the violet;
The corn-flag, peony, I ween,
And marjoram none fain forget,
Or marigolds that in their pride
The modest lilies' charms outvied—
Each flower has some to sing its praises—
Though all their virtues I've descried,
Above all flowers I love the daisies.

For, be the season fair or mean,
The weather chilly grown or wet,
This flower is ever graceful seen,
Sweet, pleasant, white and crimson set.
Its buds fast closed or opened wide
No hints of pallid death confide—
I've marked its many moods and phases—
All goodness is therein implied:
Above all flowers I love the daisies.

And now the gladsome summer's sheen
Makes gay this bonnie floweret,
Two hearts pierced by Love's arrow keen
Upon yon seat are throbbing yet.
May Cupid prove their helpful guide,
Pleasure and Courtesy abide:
Their tender glance my spirit raises.
So, culling this bouquet, I sighed:
"Above all flowers I love the daisies."

W. F. H.

OVID. FASTI I. i. 63–82.

Lo, Germanicus, 'tis Janus sends you blithest New Year's greeting,
He who holds the place of honour, in my hallowed chant enshrined ;
Double-headed, the beginning of the year in silence fleeting,
Who of all the gods supernal can alone cast glance behind.

Bless, then, Janus, our brave captains, by whose toil the lands are teeming,
And the seas, too, firm established truce from troubles fain enjoy.
Bless thy Fathers and thy Romans, us devoutest clients deeming,
So vouchsafe to ope thy splendid temples white without alloy.

Hush, a blissful dawn is rising. By no word or thought profane it :
None but words of holy omen should be heard this holy day.
Banish straightway frantic quarrels ; by no hateful strife dare stain it ;
O ye envious crowd, your labours lay aside in rev'rence, pray !

Seest thou how the sky is brightened with the fragrant fires new-litten,
How the saffron-heads loud crackle in the hearths ablaze below?
Now the flames with golden splendour have the temple's ceiling smitten
And the building's topmost roofing with a flick'ring sheen's aglow.

To the Capitol in spotless vestments fares the
glad procession,
And the people march in white robes fitting
well a feast so fair;
First the victors with new fasces; purpled
praetors in succession;
While an unaccustomed burden weighs upon
the curule chair.

W. F. H.

ROSETTE.

(*After Béranger.*)

What! you speak to me of passion—
You who bask in spring's bright day—
When beneath some forty winters
I have watched my youth decay?
Once my heart throbbed wildly, madly,
For a pretty, poor *grisette*;
Ah, why can I never love you
As of old I loved Rosette?

Ev'ry day, in robes the richest,
Your landau your charms displays:
But Rosette in dainty neatness
Walked and laughed on holidays;
And for mischief, just to tease me,
She would eye the lads we met.
Ah, why can I never love you
As of old I loved Rosette?

In this silk boudoir a thousand
Mirrors ev'ry smile portray;
She had but a single mirror—
'Twas the Graces' own, I'd say—

And the dawn made glad our chamber,
Round our couch no curtains met.
Ah, why can I never love you
As of old I loved Rosette?

You, whose polished wit might quicken
Sonneteers to lyric deed,
I am not ashamed to tell you,
She had hardly learnt to read;
And in grammar, where she faltered,
Love contrived to pay the debt.
Ah, why can I never love you
As of old I loved Rosette?

She was not your peer in beauty,
Nor so soft of heart was she,
And her eyes looked on her lover,
Not as yours so tenderly.
But she had to charm my fancy
My lost youth that I regret.
Ah, why can I never love you
As of old I loved Rosette?

W. F. H.

POEMS

BY

NELSON PROWER, M.A.

PREFACE.

THE poem "Gethsemane" was begun in the Holy Land in 1889, and finished in England in 1890; and it appeared by itself anonymously in the following spring. Only two or three lines have been altered. A few of the sonnets also have appeared in print, and the translation of "Lead, kindly Light." The kind terms in which many of the author's friends have spoken of "Gethsemane" have emboldened him to publish it under his own name.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

"There's such Divinity doth hedge a king."

YOUNG Prince, perchance, when hiding in the tree,
Thou may'st have thought on Shakespeare's words. Forsooth,
That mightiest of singers spoke the truth,
For a Divinity watched over thee!
And should some carping critic say that God
Did not protect thy father, say that He
Meant that in death thy sire should hallowed be,
Meant that his blood should sanctify the sod.

Nor was the ground alone thus sanctified;
For England's heart, revolting from the deed,
Was purified by terror; and to thee
It turned repentant. Shakespeare never lied!
As children of thy father's murder read
They blush with shame,—then flush with loyalty.

N. P

NON ANGLI SED ANGELI.

'Tis said that long ago the Pope of Rome,
Perceiving 'mid the dark Italian throng
Two fair-haired boys, from distant English home
Torn to be sold, said, as he passed along,
"So fair are these young Angle lads, so white
Their skin, so bright their hair with curls of gold,
That they would be as angels in my sight,
If our Lord Christ would take them to His fold."

A thousand years are gone, the English boys
Are just as fair, their skins as milky white,
Their hair as golden, but the Pontiff's dream
Is realized ; to us are given the joys
Of Christian brotherhood, to fight the fight
Of Christ, and trust in Him in Death's dark stream.

N. P.

ON LANDING AT JAFFA.

"The place whereon thou treadest is holy ground."

At last mine eyes behold it ; soon my feet
Will land on holy ground. Afar I see
From the ship's side those rolling hills so sweet,
That sky so blue above them. Where can be
The Holy City? Is it where the hills
Rise highest in the haze, as though the lion
Of Judah reared his crested mane! Mount Zion
Is surely there, 'mid Gihon's trickling rills!

And now the boat has gained that rocky shore,
Where erst Andromeda, 'tis said, was bound.
How lovely fable mates with lovely truth!
For here the Greater Perseus came and found
A race in bonds, and set them free. Nay, more:
Eternal life is given by His ruth!

N. P

THE STOIC AND EPICUREAN CONCEPTIONS OF DEATH.

"Come," cried the Stoic, as he stamped his foot,
"I care not for you!" and he spoke the truth;
Who but a fool would care? for, without ruth,
Death comes to all. 'Tis common-place to put
In hero's language that which all should feel
Who claim the name of man. And why defy
A thing not worth defying? When we die,
We die; why trouble to gird on your steel?

"Come," cried his rival in philosophy,
"At least, if you have nothing else to do;
If you are busy, I'll have one more drink;
Do as you like!" Best of the two, I think,
The latter cry, from pagan point of view.
——I speak not here of Christianity!

N. P.

ON SEEING THE OLD SHIPS IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

The oracle of old advised the Greeks
  Refuge to take within their "wooden walls";
And now the English lad who glory seeks,
  Who fears no foreign foe, whom nought appals,
Goes off to sea; and coming to this place
  To join his vessel, sees before him lie
Those "wooden walls" on which, by Heaven's grace,
  We freed the world of old from tyranny!

Wooden no longer are the English walls;
  But, in the ships of steel, the hearts of men
Still beat, as long ago; our history's beauty
Evokes our emulation. Russian thralls
  With our old foes combine; but now, as then,
We shall prevail; each man will do his duty.

N. P.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

On the occasion of the Lincoln Judgment.

GREAT Father of our ancient Church, whose word
Has breathed the breath of Peace throughout our land;
The Anglicans o'er all the world have heard
Thy noble judgment, which, with even hand,
Corrects the humours of our party strife.
"Pope of the other world" thou art indeed;
Well hast thou wrought throughout thy toilsome life,
Well wilt thou merit thine Eternal meed.

But we, thy flock, must heartily accept
Thy words as they were said. Fairness should meet
With corresponding fairness. Promise kept
Should meet with honour, and with sympathy;
And we as Christians should each other greet
With mutual trust and heartfelt amity.

N. P.

ON THE STARTING OF DR. NANSEN.

Brave men are they who try, 'neath Afric's sun,
To trace the sources of the mighty Nile,
Or plunge through trackless forests. Labour done,
Adventures over, quickly Fame's sweet smile
Awaits them. Now, for twelve long weary years
The gallant Norse, a Viking, yet without
The ancient Viking's fury, casting fears
Aside, has started, wind and waves to flout.

Danger and death he and his comrades court,
Yet in that wondrous icy land they'll see
Marvels, which to have seen, will compensate;
For there the world's Geometrician Great
Works out his crystal problems; ice shall be
Their tutor, leading to the heavenly port.

N. P.

TOULON AND SPEZIA.

Two gallant fleets are meeting at that port
Where once the Little Corporal chased away
The British ships. A meeting of strange sort,
Where Czar and Democrat embrace, and say,
'Mid flags, and shouts, and kisses, that they feel
A love and friendship that for aye shall last.
'Tis but for future conquest that their steel
Shall flash in war, when war's dread die is cast.

At Spezia two other gallant fleets
Have met. Few flags, few shouts, no kisses! Yet
Its meaning is as clear; 'tis blessed peace.
They help old Europe to enjoy the sweets
Of honest comfort, and a longer lease
Of calm home life. May their sun never set!

N. P.

AD MATTHAEUM ARNOLD.

As beats an eagle at its prison cage,
So beat the heart of Ajax, when he cried
In agony of darkness and of rage
That in the light he gladly would have died;
And we who labour in a mental gloom
Of apathy, and eyes that feel no sight,
Should pray for streaks of light, and the perfume
Of sweetness: Aye, "destroy us in the Light."

Thou, gentle singer, who hast nobly taught
Thy generation, let me offer thee
The tribute of my song, for thou indeed
Hast shown to us that he who truth has sought
May of the vulgar million spurned be,
And yet shall find a holier, happier meed.

N. P.

ON A FIRST VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS.

Can marbles never die? It so would seem,
When first one gazes on the Parthenon;
Yet, scarcely has the stranger climbed upon
The mountain's top, walking as in a dream,
When, at his right, the tiny fane upstands
Of Νικη ἀπτερος, more perfect still;
And fancy bids one think, that by God's will,
These temples were not made by human hands.

Stern science tell us they must one day fade;
We know it, it must be so; but the stones
Will still cry out; their lessons will remain
Till time shall be no more; and o'er the shade
Of ruined temples and of heroes' bones
Greece takes us captive! Homage to the slain!

N. P.

THE WHITE CHALK CLIFFS.

Back from the sunny South we come at last,
From vine-clad slopes and olive-covered hills,
And now we see ahead, all danger past,
The white chalk cliffs of England. Fancy fills
Our hearts with many thoughts, as onward leaps
The swift and hurrying steamer, as though glad
To seek again her England! Never sleeps
That feeling, though our news at home be sad.

"A citizen of no mean city"; so
St. Paul disdainéd not himself to call.
But at a great price purchased some that gift.
We were born free; and, wandering to and fro
Carry that knowledge with us. Thus, to all
Us English, Freedom's lute can know no rift.

N. P.

ON PASSING LORETTO IN THE TRAIN.

What is that little town so quaintly placed
On yonder hill? Loretto! The word brings
High thoughts into the brain; that town is graced
With more than scenic beauty. Angels' wings
Have borne into its shelter His dear home
Where erst He dwelt in distant Galilee,
The "Casa Santa!" Not in mighty Rome
Is held such gem; not there such sight to see.

The train rolls southward, on to Brindisi;
Perchance I ne'er again shall see the town
That such a pearl contains. Yet in my mind
Remains the picture of the bright blue sea,
The hill, the little city. As a crown
Of beauty will that memory be enshrined!

N. P.

THE "VICTORIA."

"TIMES change and we change with them," said
the Poet,
But English sailors have not changed as yet;
Their duty lies before them, and they know it,
And watch unmoved the ocean's angry fret.
And though our wooden walls are passed and
gone,
The seamen, whose great deeds awoke the
pride
With which the English looked on those who
shone
In bygone days, may ask us, "Has it died?"

No! the pride lives, because its cause lives too;
The seamen are the same as in the days
Of Nelson, Howe, and Rodney; and the waves
Re-echo still that we shall ne'er be slaves.
And so may Britain ever proudly raise
A monument to Freedom, grand and true!

N. P.

"IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS."

(*On the opening of the Imperial Institute.*)

COME, all who own with pride Victoria's sway,
And join in ringing pæan, as around
Her throne ye gather. Let this joyful day
Inspire your spirits, make your hearts to bound!
Australia, salute her happy reign,
Thou, Canada, her own Cordelia be,
Though Goneril and Regan try amain
To turn thee from thine ancient fealty!

Let each the lesson learn his God to find
In English righteousness, for where our flag
Floats in the breeze, there Truth and Right are found.
So may it ever be, till all around
This earth of ours no more shall tyrant's gag
Or mobs' behests play havoc with mankind!

N. P.

THE MUEZZIN.

SWEET is the tinkle of our English bells
Across the meadows on a summer's morn.
Sweet is the tinkle that in winter tells
Across the snow-clad fields that Christ is born.
Yet sweet, and stirring too, peals forth the tone,
The ringing tone, of Islam's singer proud
As from the mosque he cries that God alone
Is God, and calls to prayer the busy crowd.

Something there is, perchance, vouchsafed God
To human speech, that other sounds have not;
Perchance that fighting race—that scourge and rod
Of subject nations—feeling that its lot
Is cast, its star is sinking, loves the cry
Of man's rough voice. By that they'll fight and die!

N. P.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Resta Tu mecum, circâ glomerantibus umbris,
Accrescunt tenebræ, sis, Deus, usque comes!
Commoda dum pereunt, et amicum linguit amicus,
Spes miserorum hominum, sis, Deus, usque comes!

Vitæ parva dies finem petit; omnia terræ
Gaudia tabescunt, gloria nulla manet;
Mutatur, moritur, quidquid nos orbe videmus;
Tu, non mutatus, sis, Deus, usque comes!

Hostes non timeo, mihi si benedixeris; at me
Non lacrimæ terrent, pondus abestque malo;
Mortis ubi telum? tumuli victoria fracta est!
Auspice Te vinco; Te duce, victor ego!

Te quæro semper, Te mane et vespere quæro,
Coram Te Ditis regna superba cadunt;
Dux mihi quis nisi Tu? nisi Tu quis rector? In umbra,
In solis radiis, sis, Deus, usque comes!

Pone Crucem morienti oculo, Tua Gratia ut omnes
Dissolvat tenebras; me quoque ad astra cape;
Splendet Lux cœli, moritur terrestris ut umbra
In Morte, in Vitâ, sis, Deus, usque comes!

N. P.

TRANSLATION FROM NEWMAN.

"Duc me, Stella Dei, per caeca crepuscula duc me;
Nox atra est; nequeo, Stella, redire domum;
Tu, tu siste pedes; non fas mihi tota videre
Lumina; sit modo fas, Stella, movere pedem.

"Non sic usque fui, nec opem Stellae usque poposci;
Optavique diem: nunc, Dea, siste pedes.
Tum lucem petii claram, spretoque timore,
Jactabam: sceleris, Stella, eris usque memor?

"Quae me juvisti per saecla, in saecla juvabis
Per mare per terram, Lux mihi donec erit,
Me quoque mane novo coelestes undique vultus,
Quos dilexi olim, perdideramque, petent."

N. P.

GETHSEMANE.

Before mine eyes, from near the Golden Gate,
The rugged Valley of Jehoshaphat
Lies in its stony nakedness. Across
That gaunt defile the Mount of Olivet
Rises in simple beauty, clearly limned
Against the Eastern blue, which makes each stone
Stand out as though a hand's breadth from the eye;
So that, in truth, to pilgrims from a land
Where Heaven grants not so divine an air,
The scene appears to be a fairyland,
Or dream, that presently will fade away
"And leave us all the poorer when we wake"—
Poorer in what we see, yet richer too
For what we have imagined. Painter's brush
May strive to teach us what the scene is like;
But, great as is the talent God has given
To noble-minded men who live for art,
They bring not home the great reality.
The painter shows us what he sees himself;
But this blest Land is different to each,
According to his needs, his life, his aims,
His troubles, his temptations, loves and hates;
And thus each needs a special help. This Land
Gives help to all; for all who hither come,
If but so be they come with humble hearts,
Will find the comfort that they most desire—
You yours, I mine, the painter his; nor his
The same as yours or mine. Poor mortals we,
And many-sorrowing, andeach of us
Needs much—nay, all—of Christ, yet not the same.

For some need Hope, some Peace, and others Fire
To warm them; Peace, the weary, Hope, the sad,
And Fire, the timid. Come then here and pray,
And He with Whom a prayer availeth much
Will give to each that which he prayeth for.
Aye, those who come to Palestine with Fear
And Love and Reverence and Faith, may trust
That He Whose feet have trod the self-same ground
Their feet are treading, He Whose mouth hath breathed
The self-same air, will not forget them when
In love and reverence they seek His Land.

But see! Upon the top of Olivet
Rises a Mosque, which the Osmanli call
"The Mosque of the Ascension;" kind indeed,
And courteous withal, to call it so;
Strange, too, that thus the proud Mahommedans
Should notice that Ascension, when to them,
In sooth, the greater place is where from earth
Their prophet rose to Heaven, just behind
Where now I sit, rose from the threshing-floor
Araunah gave to David! Why, O Lord,
Are these men here? Why does the Crescent shine
Where once Thy Temple in its Beauty stood,
Planted in Strength, by Wisdom made sublime?
I cannot tell: if answer come from Thee
Before I sleep to-night, or if, indeed,
There should arise within me, as I rest
Upon this Sacred Hill, some monitor
Seeming to guide me, or some still small voice
Speaking within my heart, then let me, Lord,
Tell to the world what it shall tell to me!

The Eastern sun is strong and bright and clear,
And lights the path that winds around the Mount
To Bethany, which, hidden from the view,
Lies nestling in a dell among the heights.
'Twas but this morning that I saw the house
That legend tells us was of old the home
Of Mary, she who "chose the better part,"
And Martha, kindly, bustling, loving soul,
God bless her with her sister! 'Twas from there
That greateat of all pomps wended its way
Round the sharp corner of the Mount, to where
Our Saviour saw the City. As I think
Of this, there comes a little party round
That very path, and, halting at the spot
Where He Himself once stayed, gaze at the City.
Of what can they be thinking, but of Him?
What brings folks here from North, South, East and West
Except to think of Him Who saved their souls
Long, long ago? But, when they homeward turn,
And start again the business of their lives,
And see once more their offices, their homes,
Their friends, and all that makes their daily lives,
Do they remember how on Olivet
They waited, looking at the Mount of Sion?

The Eastern sun is sinking to its rest,
And still I feel I cannot leave this spot,
For on the morrow I must ride away
To Jaffa, whence my ship will bear me home.

Let me then wait, until the night comes on,
Ere to the sacred City I return.
'Twill not be long: the twilights of the North,
That cast their silver sheen o'er English grass,
Belong not to a latitude where day
Is day and night is night. But the bright stars
Shine with a lustre that we do not know
Who only see them gently peeping down
From English skies. Yes, the sun's disc is gone,
And from the minarets around I hear
The shrill muezzin's voice, calling aloud
"There are no Gods but God." If that were all,
We would re-echo back a loud Amen,
But Whom alone can we in truth acclaim
"His prophet"? Who alone is more than that—
His equal, nay Himself, made flesh for us?

Can it be that the sun is standing still
As erst on Ajalon? Or do mine eyes,
Weakened by too much glory, play some trick
With my excited brain? It is indeed
An honour that might make the human eye
Grow blind with awe, to see the Holy Land!
But things rise up before me; whether 'tis
Mine eye that errs, or whether something more
Than human, more than natural, is here
Vouchsafed to seeking hearts, I cannot tell:
But true it is that there, across the vale,
The little band of pilgrims is transformed
And glorified until it seems to be
That pomp of pomps; and hark, I hear the cries
Of Alleluia! as the attendant throng
Crowd round the Man they worship. Yes, 'tis He,

Riding upon His ass, while "all the tribes
Hosanna cry." But in a moment all
Is gone, and, in its stead Mount Calvary
Swarms with a motley crowd, who cry in rage
"Crucify Him." And yet these are the men
Who cried Hosanna! There they stand, and there
Are set three crosses. Wherefore three? At least,
Methinks, they might have let Him die alone!
Yet no, for thus our common nature showed
Nobly, for He Who took our nature on
Died with a man each side of Him, to show
That he was man as they; living with men
He died with men; so we, living for Him
Shall die for Him and in Him, and our flesh,
Being as His then was, shall rise again
And be with Him in Heaven. Aye this form
Of ours was fashioned in the very image
Of God Himself, and by that Purity
Which we may reach by prayer, we may indeed
So cleanse ourselves, even as He is pure,
That, as His blessing saith, we "shall see God."
Let it be, then, our aim so to live through
Our mortal lives, as to come near to Him
Who lived that one and only perfect life;
And what that life was we should ponder well.
For thirty-three short years He walked this earth,
Yet in those years enough example left
For us to walk by till the end of time
And feel our lives a void compared with it.

The cries I seemed to hear o'er Calvary
Are silent, and the stars are shining bright

And beautiful, but cold, as though they looked
On earth with naught of sympathy. But see!
Among those clear, cold stars, one seems to move
As though some Unseen Monarch bade it stir
And do His will. The star is, sure, alive
With Spirit, not of this cold Universe,
But guided by a loving Hand. It moves
Towards Bethlehem! Oh, do I sleep or wake?
Methinks I see the shepherds follow it,
Until it halts above that sacred spot
Where He, the Holy Child, lies newly born.
Twelve years He lives in quiet obedience;
And then a call within Him, higher still
Than that of earthly parents, calls Him forth
To where the Rabbis in the Temple sit
Teaching the Sacred Law. A striking scene
Is this, and one the Christian well may love
To contemplate. A boy of twelve years old,
Fair-haired, if pictures err not, and with mien
Gentle and sad, among these Rabbis sits,
Asking them questions. Could those Rabbis tell
Who 'twas that questioned them? Maybe some flash
Lit up their mind and showed them Whom they saw;
Maybe their eyes were darkened. Presently
His Mother comes, His Virgin Mother: she
(Perceiving not that One had called to Him
Who called of old to Samuel), surprised
To see Him there, called to him to come home.
But He, Who knew that now He must begin

That work that was to end upon the cross,
Stood still, and, looking at her with that love
A son must bear his mother, said those words
Which told her that His mission had begun :
And then she knew that He must be about
His Father's business. Then the scene again
Is changed, and where the stately fair-haired boy
Once stood, a man of thirty summers stands,
And I, who know, throughout my dream, how He
Will be before me, even to His death,
Recognise Him, Who died for you, for me,
For all ; I see Him Perfect Man, Who yet
Is Perfect God ; and, seeing Him, I know
That all I have is His, and His alone.
Aye, all I have is His, as Perfect Man ;
Even if we, in our Theology,
Are using words while knowing not the sense,
In saying He is Perfect God ; yet I
Know Him to be that Perfect God. But those
Whose minds are different to mine, can know
How I feel, if they think of how one loves
One's monarch whom one serves, whom one asks not
Why this war is declared, and why not that,
But merely follows, as a child the sire
Whom he reveres. So those to whom Our Lord
Is Man alone (God help them in the hour
Of death and day of Judgment), yet can tell
How Loyalty can make me love Him. Yes,
What soldier does for king, I do for Him
As Man ; but, as He stands before me here,
I know, as Peter knew, that here I see
My Lord, my God.

And now begins that holy ministry
Which for three years, throughout this Sacred Land,
Made wide His name, Who cured the maniacs,
The paralytic, and the blind and deaf
Who sought Him, so that pen could never write
All that He did, if all were set straight down,
Wonders and miracles. Aye, God forbid
That I should so presume upon the light
This dream affords me as to try to tell
What He has let me fancy. Let it be
Enough to say that here, before mine eyes
(Those eyes which God has given to the mind
Of those who love him), stands one thing at least :—
His Life ; that all should follow, though all know
They cannot reach it. First, then, at the feast
Of Cana, when the water in the pots
Was turned to wine, we see Him as a Man
Who fled not, like a hermit, from the scenes
Of human happiness and earthly joy ;
Nay, more, He did not only join as guest
In Cana's wedding-feast, but here He wrought
The miracle that we record as first
Of all His miracles, to make that feast
Complete and happy. Thus, if one shall say
That wine, "which maketh glad the heart of man,"
Is of the Devil, or should be accursed,
We point to Him, and to that water which
"Blushed crimson as it saw its God." Again
The scene is changed, and now I see those cures
He wrought on lame and dumb and blind, and those

Possessed by devils—cures so many that,
If all were written down, this world of ours
Would not contain the books that should be writ.
Miracle after miracle is wrought,
But not by miracles shall He be Loved;
The miracles show forth His mighty power,
Which, working for the Good is honourèd,
But, if His miracles compel our Faith
That He was more than Man, 'tis not for them
We love Him, 'tis because His life was all
One long-continued deed of Mercy, done
For us for that great Love He bore us, so
That we, remembering what He has done
May do to one another, if we can,
And in our feeble, mortal way, the same.

For three long years—long and yet short withal,
Long in events, yet short in time — He walked
This earth, and did these things; and some believed,
But most believed not. They rather burned
With jealousy, seeing the things He did
And yet mistrusting Him; for, seeing, they
Did not perceive; nay, wondering, they sought
Some cause of blame against Him, but found none.

Why doubted they that Lord Who called to them
So lovingly? Perchance His life was not
The life that they supposed to be foretold
By them of olden time; for that strait sect

To whom 'twas given to explain the Books
Written by Moses and those holy men
Whose mouths the Lord had filled with the Truth,
Had made the Word of God of no account
By their traditions; thus Isaiah's words
Had, by interpretation's aid, been turned
So as to darken rather than bring light.
Thus He, Whom all the Prophets, had they lived
To see Him, would have worshipped as their King,
Their long-looked-for Messiah — nay, their God—
Was doubted, sneered at, hated, done to death
(Against the Roman ruler's wish), by those
Who should have been the first to welcome Him,
And see in Him the One of Whom they taught
The coming. Thus it is, when simple Truth
Is given over to the custody
Of any school of men, we find those men
Will turn it as they will, and order us
To hold it as they turn it. Can we blame
The Jews, if they believed their learned guides
Rather than Christ? Had we been living then,
Brought up by Pharisees, learning with care
Their subtle readings of the Prophets' words,
Should we at once have turned to follow Him,
Who, meek and poor, dwelt in our midst, and did
These works amongst us? No, like those who sought
To kill Him, so should we ourselves have done.

But all he did on earth is written down
By those whose pens have felt the Holy hand

Shaping the letters as they wrote them down.
I turn to those last days He spent on earth,
Those days which, after the triumphant song
"Hosanna in the highest" had been sung,
Passed over Him with slow and heavy hours.
Just at the foot of Olivet there lies
The Garden of Gethsemane, the place
Most dear to all who love our Saviour Christ
Of all the spots in Palestine, for here,
In this sweet Garden we can see Him Man,
Bearing with pain and grief His weight of woe,
Praying to God that, if 'twere possible
The cup might pass from Him, yet willing too
To drink it dry, doing His Father's will
And not His own. And in that noble prayer
He summed up all religion in one breath—
For, while we pray for health and strength and all
For which we live, we know that God above
Knows what we need better than we ourselves
Can tell Him. Even if, upon our knees
In all humility, we ask the life
Of some one dear to us, a wife, a son,
Or daughter, still we ought to say, with Christ,
"Not my will, Lord, but Thine be done," and then
Bow with content to what He wills shall be.
He Who, at Cana's wedding-feast rejoiced
With those who joyed, now shows that He can mourn
With those who mourn—a nearer, dearer tie.

To paint the scene within those garden walls
Is more, I fear, than mortal's pen should try;
Yet, just as mortals painters have essayed

To paint His face, so pen of man may hope
Not to offend, if, after patient thought,
It strive to tell what picture was retained
Upon my mind, as, sitting here, I saw,
As in a vision, what this Garden held
That evening. There, beneath that olive tree
(Which, legend tells us, is the same we see
To-day), our Saviour knelt, and there He prayed
That, if 'twere possible, the cup might pass
From Him, yet would not thwart His Father's will.
And whom of His apostles do we see
With Him? First Peter, he to whom our Lord
Revealed Himself as God, to whom was made
The glorious promise that upon that Rock
Should rest the Christian Church. 'Twas he who first
Acclaimed his Master as his Lord and God,
'Twas he who first denied Him. Passing strange
These characters of ours, that sometimes rise
Almost to Heaven, and then sink again
Below the earth; one moment communing
With thoughts inspired by God, and then, alas!
Falling to earth, forgetting all that He
Has taught us; so it was with Peter, here
He sleeps, but not alone, for, by his side
Two others lie,—oh, is it possible
That while He prays, they sleep? Yes, there they lie
Peter and James and John; and there he found
Them lying when He turned for sympathy
From human hearts, after the awful hours
Of agony. 'Twas cruelty enough
In all the three, but most of all in him
"Whom Jesus loved," and whom all Christian men

Love also; that St. John who afterwards
Left us his noble gospel, he who taught
All nations that the Word was God. How then
Could he, within whose heart such seed had ta'en
Deep root, whose very being was imbued
With that great inspiration that has made
His words so dear, have gone to sleep that eve?

In this, methinks we have our answer He
Was man as I am; and his love for Christ,
Though high and pure, higher than most of us
Perhaps can reach, yet did not fill his life
So as to drive away all other thoughts;
Thus, boylike—for he was a boy—St. John
(As now we call him in the Catholic
And Apostolic Church) forgot his Lord
In other thoughts and fancies, such as might
At any time have seized upon his brain,
And led his thoughts away as prisoners.
How could his youthful mind, his wayward thoughts,
Take in the awfulness of that dread hour?
He knew not that the servants of the Priest
Were seeking for the Master Whom he loved
To seize Him, and to lead Him to His death.
Thus with St. Peter and St. James he slept,
Until the Master came, and gently said,
"Could ye not wait one hour?" And then there came
The servants of the Priest, to take our Lord,
Coming as though against a thief, with swords

And staves. When Peter saw them, in his shame
At his forgetfulness, he once again
Forgot himself, and in impulsive mood
Scarce knowing what he did, seizing a sword
He smote a servant of the Jewish Priest,
Not killing him, but cutting off his ear.
Again our Lord rebuked him, telling him
That those who took the sword, should by the sword
Perish. Thus twice within a brief half-hour
He upon whom the Church was to be built
Gave proof of mortal frailty! Should not this
Make brave our hearts to sink not when we fail
From weakness or forgetfulness; for we,
Failing, may feel the spirit willing, though
The flesh is weak? 'Tis the greatest souls,
Sometimes, who fail the oftenest; for those
Whose cautious steps are but the messengers
Of sluggish minds and feeble hearts, may tread
More carefully, and thus with fewer slips,
And with less pain and labour, wend their way;
But these mount not so high as those who climb
And fall, and climb again, and fall again
And climb once more. Indeed, each time they fall
They learn how 'twas they fell, and thus, from shame,
From pride, but most of all from love of Him
Who beckons to them still, forgiving them
As Peter was forgiven, they rise at last
Higher than those who, on a lower path
Do little harm and little good, and crawl
Where others walk, and walk where others fly:

Peter could climb and fall ; to-day he falls,
But afterwards !—Ah, let the Christian world
Tell us how high he climbed ! how, but for him,
The Church of Christ could not have shone so bright !

But while St. Peter in his rage struck off
The Chief Priest's servant's ear, what did St. John ?
Ah, could we penetrate that gentle breast
And see the wounds that tore that noble heart,
We might behold the fixed and deep resolve
To live and die for Christ and Him alone
Planting itself within him ; we might trace
The first true kindling of that flame of love
So soon to turn the boy into a saint,
The youth whom Jesus loved into the Knight
Who fought for Him ! But thoughts like those which stirred
His soul that moment cannot be expressed
By those in whom the dross of this world's thoughts
Is not so purged away and purified
As to enable them to see the bright
But steady flame his heart contained that day.
We turn to those sad scenes that happened next,
When He Who saved the world, was by the world
Mocked, evilly entreated, scourged and slain.
Could not the men who did these awful deeds
Have read their prophecies ? And did they think
That some impostor rode around that Mount
Into the City through the Golden Gate,
Or did their consciences, throughout it all,
Prick them with some dim sense of what they did?

We have His words "They know not what they
do;"
Yet Pilate, he who sat above the crowd
Of shouting Jews, and wielded with his arms
The Majesty of Rome; who only wished
To do his duty as a Roman should
Who rules a province; he who should have
done
Justice alone, nor more, nor less, did naught,
But let the grim fanatics have their way.
It was the custom at the yearly feast
That one of those in prison for their crimes
Should be released: and Pilate, wishing still
To help the Christ he knew to be a man
Innocent of all wrong, asked of the Jews
Whom they would have; hoping that very shame
Would make them seize this "place of penitence"
Offered so freely. They, who knew not
shame,
Asked for a robber, one Barabbas, who,
Traitor, as well as robber, yet appeared
More honourable in their eyes than Christ!
Then Pilate, who, though wishing to do right,
Yet "feared the people," let Barabbas go;
And thus the might and majesty of Rome
Were prostituted to the Rabbis' rage.
Now in the watches of the silent night,
Before that awful morning, Pilate's wife
Had seen, as in a vision, many things
About this Christ; and in this wondrous dream,
Or vision, she had "suffered." Ah, what things
She saw we cannot tell. Perchance some ray
Of prophecy, like those which erstwhile touched
Isaiah and Ezekiel, may have been
Vouchsafed to her; she may have seen the days
To come, when He, Who then was to appear

Before her husband's judgment-seat, would be
Worshipped by mighty millions as their Lord!
If this were so, she may have seen before
Her slumbering eyes the march of centuries;
She may have seen how that Imperial Rome,
Whose eagles floated o'er her husband's chair,
Would in the days to come be tenanted
By one whose proudest title would be writ
"The servant of the servants of the Lord!"

O let us think upon her dream that night,
While Pilate slumbered calmly, free from care.
To little children it is sometimes given
To vaguely dream of God—that God of whom
They learn at mother's knee; but children's dreams,
Though sweet as fairyland, have not that Light
Of truth, as well as truthfulness, which God
Vouchsafed to her; nor even are the dreams
The merciful Almighty sometimes grants
To older people, whose world-weary minds
Cannot bring Him before them when awake,
But who may get a little glimpse in sleep
Of Him Who bears their sorrows, like to hers
To whom 'twas given to behold the truth
That wondrous night. What was it that she saw?
If to those eyes within, which see the best
When those pink lids are shut, which guard in rest
The eyes that look without, there came that night
Such knowledge as no other can have learnt;
If to her mind, on waking, there remained

That deep impression that we may suppose
Was printed there that night, she might have told
All to the end that on this world should be ;
And we, who struggle in a cloud of doubt,
Asking why after eighteen centuries
So many problems should encompass us,
May envy her ! Let us consider well
What, through the veil that covers us, she saw.

First, it may be, appeared the awful scene
On Calvary ; then, 'mid the cruel men
Who would have persecuted to the death
Those who remained His faithful followers,
There rose the figure of one named Saul,
A Roman citizen, and yet brought up
A Pharisee of Pharisees. St. Paul,
As now we call him, was the chief of those,
Who (blinded by that hate that sometimes fills
The best of minds, the very minds that soon
Will love those things they tried to hate), was first
Of those who tried to kill the Christian Church.
But, just as minds that most reject and spurn
A new idea as dangerous or false,
May yet in time come round and see the wrong
That they have heedless wrought, so did that mind
Receive in full what weaker men receive
More easily but less abundantly.
One night St. Peter lay on Jaffa's shore,
That rocky coast where still all ships must halt
A full half-mile from shore ; and as he lay
It seemed that from above there came a net
Filled full of divers animals, unclean
As well as clean. He, as a pious Jew,
Liked not to eat those beasts which Jewish law

Regarded as unclean, but from above
There came a voice, saying, "What God hath cleansed
That call thou not unclean!" Then Peter rose
And eat. About this time, what we call chance,
But rather ought to call the hand of God,
Directed Saul, when he was journeying
Unto Damascus, there to persecute
The followers of Christ; and, as he went
Struck him with sudden blindness. Then there came
That great awakening, that greatest fact
Of history, except the Life of Christ;
That which, except His life, most brought about
The life, and early growth, and lovely health
Of Early Christianity: that night
The Persecutor left his former life,
And changed his mind, his heart, his blood, his all!
Strange that the very man who, as a Jew,
A Pharisee of Pharisees, imbued
With all the law taught by Gamaliel,
Spurned with disgust that very law's fulfilment,—
Yet, once convinced that Christ was God indeed,
Turned to Him, and thereafter served Him well;
In prison oft, and oft in stripes; indeed,
He died a prisoner, and thus prepared,
Together with St. Peter, the strait path
Of Christianity; St. Paul might plant,
Or might Apollos water, yet 'twas God
Who gave the increase!

As years roll on, the Church, like some young child,
Grows taller day by day; through perils dire

And persecutions cruel she struggled on,
Until, from being persecuted by
The other creeds, she then in turn became
A persecutor! Oh, my God, my God,
Could it be this that Pilate's wife beheld
When she lay dreaming through that wondrous night?
Can it be this from which she "suffered"? Aye,
If 'twas, we cannot wonder! Mortal words
Are weak to tell the horror, the disgrace,
The awful infamy, the utter shame
That stained the noble creed of Jesus Christ!
Up to this very day, what Englishman
Can speak the name of Spain without a thought
Of horrors so ineffable, so dire,
That on them rests that strong resentment which
Has made us what we are? These deeds of shame
Have now died out in Europe, but the thoughts
From which they sprang are living still; and men
Who bear the name of Christ,—upon whose brows
His sign has been imprinted,—think they do
Their God a service when they persecute
Those who interpret Christianity
In methods other than their own! But not
At first did this grim horror rear its head
Like some fell nightmare o'er her tortured brain,
For many ages first had passed; the age
Of Cyril, of Augustine, Hippo's saint;
And that Augustine, who, in later years,
Was sent to Albion, to plant therein
A Saxon Church. How beautiful the tale
We hear of how his mission came to pass!

The early British Church had been o'erthrown
By Teuton pagans from the forest lands
Of Germany and Denmark ; and it chanced
That two young boys from Pagan England's shores
Were lying prisoners in mighty Rome.
The Pontiff Gregory, in robes of white,
Chanced to be passing by, and at his side
There walked Augustine. When the Pontiff saw
The English boys, whose curly, flaxen hair
And light blue eyes betokened Northern birth,
He asked the dealer who had charge of them
From whence they came, and what the boys were called.
"*Angli*," replied the man ; and, with a smile,
"*Non Angli*," cried the Pope, "*sed Angeli*,"
And then more sadly added "*forent si Fuissent Christiani !*" Then outspoke
Augustine, and that mission was begun
That brought the Saxons to the Fold of Christ.

But see ! What now appears upon the scene?
Marauding hosts from Eastern lands press on,
And on the banners o'er their armies waves
A Golden Crescent ! Can it be that these
Will take and sack the City of our King?
Aye, that indeed they will ; but, through the length
And breadth of Europe runs a flame of fire,
And Kings and Princes with their gallant knights
Struggle in noble rivalry to free
The land of Christ from Paynim's bloody hand.
For in those days of Faith men did not count
The cost of what they did for Jesus Christ,

But left their homes, their lands, their wives, their all,
To free His country from the Paynim yoke.
And for a while—'twas only eighty years—
Jerusalem was held again by those
Whose sword-hilts bore the Cross, and then the wave
Of Moslem victory rushed on again;
For countless hordes poured on and on, until
The little band that held the Sacred Mount
Was overwhelmed, and thus a second time
The Crescent floated o'er Jerusalem.
For many years the Christians tried in vain
To win it back, nor was it e'er regained;
But though the Moslem arms swept back the Knights
Who fought for Christ, and though the Crescent stands
Over the Mosque of Omar to this day—
Yet those same qualities of heart and mind
That led the Knights of old to Palestine
Were not crushed out by Moslem nor by Fiend.
But grew and flourished and were handed down
From sire to son; and many a valiant deed
Of true, unselfish heroism tells
That our Crusading spirit is not dead.
First of the qualities that then shone forth
Was loyalty: not, as of yore, to King
Or country only, but besides all this,
Besides this ancient loyalty, 'twas now
Felt for a high ideal—such as was
The fight for Palestine. And from this age
Of Chivalry, as now we call it, sprung
Another noble virtue, reverence
For holy things, and pity for the weak,
And much beside; though Palestine itself

Was lost, perchance for ever, or perchance
Till the Lost Children shall be gathered in
By Christ, and then sent back to Canaan's shore.

Ah! those Lost Children! Terrible it is
That still some Christian nations should be found
To persecute with cruel penal laws,
And yet more cruel insults, that same race
Of which was born their Saviour! Even Spain
No longer does so, though there was a time
When she was worst among the worst; but now
'Tis from the ice-bound North we hear the cry
Of Judah's suffering; that North where reigns,
In sombre Majesty, the "Great White Czar."
He, terrified if left an hour alone,
Afraid to walk the streets without a guard,
Trembling amid his crowd of courtiers
Lest one should be a traitor, yet presumes
To persecute the seed of Abraham,
Hounding them to the death! And yet perhaps
It is not he himself who wishes this;
But rather, terrified and half insane
From agonising fright, he has to loose
The dogs that otherwise might turn and rend
Their master, so that they may turn their fangs
Against defenceless citizens. But why
Does Russia thus detest and persecute
The sons of Israel? Do not the priests,
Who stir this hatred up, ponder the words
Of Balaam, when he looked upon the tents
Of Israel, commanded by the King
To curse! Have they forgotten how the seer,

"The man whose eyes are opened," spoke that day?
Let them think well of how he blessed the race
Balak had brought him there to curse, and how
He spoke the wondrous words, "Blessed is he
Who blesseth thee," and eke "Cursed is he
Who curseth thee." Is Russia blest or cursed?
Let Russians answer! If 'tis blest to be
Corroded by corruption, they are blest!
If it be blest to hold within themselves,
As marks that cannot change, the seeds of war
Against their fellows and against their King,
Wherein th' assassin's dagger meets the sword
Of stern authority, while dynamite
Destroys the Palaces that serfs have built
For tyrants—if all this be blessing, then
Is Russia blest who persecutes the Jews.

But there is one more vista, one more scene
That may have been unfolded in the dream
Of Pilate's wife that wondrous night. The foes
Of Christianity no longer fight
With armour and with sword, but from within
Her fold there come some secret enemies,
Who, calling themselves by the Name of Christ
Yet care not for His doctrines. Worse again
Are those who, having been indeed brought up
In faith, yet, losing it themselves, attack
The faith of others, and proclaim aloud
That which the fool said only in his heart,
"There is no God." For e'en the fool had sense
To keep locked up within his foolish breast

A sentiment so worthy of "the beasts
That perish"; but these men of modern times
Proclaim as from the housetops their new creed,
That we are apes, that God is not, that, when
Our bodies die, no more is left of us!
And some there are who say they do not know
If God is or is not, and choose a new
Greek name, "Agnostic,"—sounding better far
Than Latin "ignoramus," though it means
The same—and then look down with calm contempt
Upon the followers of Jesus Christ.
Our young are poisoned by the specious words
Of men like these; but we are comforted
When we remember how the promise runs
Which tells us how the yawning gates of Hell
Shall not prevail against the Christian Church!
Aye, when Our Lord returned to Heaven above
He did not leave His children comfortless,
But sent to comfort us that Holy Ghost
Who watches o'er the Apostolic Church;
And He, Who doth His sevenfold gifts impart,
Is always with the Church. A little child
Receives a drop of water on his brow,
And in that water is the grace bestowed
By God the Holy Spirit. Later on
The child is edified and grows in faith
Till from the Bishop's hands he takes again
The quickening grace, and then is free to seek
The Table of our Lord, thereat to taste
The gifts unspeakable that Christ provides
For those who truly love Him. Then to those
Who wish to take upon themselves the vows

Of ordination as Christ's ministers
The Spirit gives yet higher things; but all
May be confirmed, and seek the altar rails,
For though our Saviour is no more on earth
As Man, He still comes near us in our prayers
And in our Sacraments; near as He was
When erst as Man He trod yon holy Mount
Of Olives, and the shouting throng of Jews
Cried out Hosanna! Nor until He comes
Again in clouds of glory, will the Church
Be left without these gifts, which make, indeed,
The essence of an Apostolic Church;
For we below, who wait His coming, know
That He is near in Spirit, helping us
To worship God in Spirit and in Truth.

N. P.

POEMS

BY

R. C. FILLINGHAM,

VICAR OF HEXTON.

REQUIEM.

Muffled bells that beat the air,
  White-robed choir the church within,
Window-light and taper-glare,
  Mass for unremembered sin:
Cross upraised with jewels fair,
  Studded bright with many a gem:
Voices that one burden bear,
    "*Requiem!*"

Could the dead man rise and see
  All the pomp about him here,
Faces gazing listlessly,
  Eyes undimmed of any tear!
No man's voice sounds mournfully
  Save the hireling voice of them
Chanting, "*Dona, Domine,*
    Requiem!

Lo, the pall about him spread,
  Lo, the lily-blooms that lie:
Hark, the anthem of the dead!
  "From the deep, O Lord, I cry,
Put his life's frail sins away,
  Nor his guilt-soiled soul condemn,
Grant him in Thy Judgment Day
    Requiem."

"Grant him, Lord, eternal rest."
  Such the anthem-burden. Nay,
Sorry prayer from fruitless breast,
  For a gift bestowed to pray!

Is not life but toil at best?
Is not death its diadem?
Priests, ye sing in bitter jest,
"*Requiem.*"

Pray for rest in life's wan days,
Hush your chant when life is o'er:
Greet sweet Death with songs of praise;
Rise from off the chancel floor:
Thank sweet Death with holy lays,
Strive to kiss his garment's hem:
Death has given, of his good grace,
Requiem.

IN THE CORNFIELD.

Amid the corn, here and there,
Red poppies stood:
Soon from earth would summer fare,
Corn be reaped for food.

"What do ye here, O poppies red?"
Whispered low the corn.
"We give our life that men be fed,
New men be born.
We of life the symbol are,
Ye of death only,
Why stay ye not from us afar,
Distant and lonely?"

So on a breezy day I eard the corn,
Saw it in anger sway:
Then, as their petals drooped forlorn,
Thus I heard the poppies say:

"There is no light of life,
But Death's behind it.
No joy, but pain and strife,
Soon, soon shall find it.
We, who tell of death and sleep,
Witness that this is truth:
That man nor joy nor life may keep,
Fate knows no ruth."

Then the corn bowed its golden head,
Bowed low, for token
That the sad words the poppies said
Were meetly spoken.

THE VINEYARD.

If to His vineyard God should come to-day,
To mark the travail of each labourer,
And note how each had fared upon his way,
To each reward of labour to confer,
How should He find us? Us, who rise to play
Long ere the evening breeze begins to stir
Amid the trees, and where the sea is grey:
What should the soul say to Him? He to her?

"Ah, Lord, defer Thy coming! So the soul
Must often cry, till she remembereth
That He who comes will come to make her whole,
Her dying life to quicken with His breath,
And then, "Why tarrieth my Lord?" she saith,
And saith, "His chariot wheels still nearer roll."

N.B.—The writer is not responsible for the opinions of his puppets.

THEOLOGY.

SCENE : *The chambers of Anglicanus in Gray's Inn*

ANGLICANUS :

YOU'RE looking chippy, dear old chap,
It wasn't last night's feeding,
You didn't patronise our tap,
Your mouth had ne'er a weed in ;
You left the room at nine, I think—
It wasn't later, surely ?
So it's not smoke, it can't be drink
That makes you sulk demurely.

DUBIUS :

Old chap, I'm puzzled what to think :
I own I'm feeling chippy ;
No, it's not smoke, it isn't drink
That makes me glum and hippy.
A ghost I laid ten years ago
From tomb again has risen ;
I've often said : "Man cannot know
If when the soul from prison
Is loosed, she'll live or ever sleep,
In slumber nought discerning."
But now from out its grave-place deep
The ancient ghost returning,
Says : "Here's the question after all,
The question most insistent :
Does not the voice of reason call,
With hue and cry persistent,

The thinking being to desert
  Each faith that is a new one,
And join, for earthly weal or hurt,
  The Church of Rome, the true one?"
The end of life, the end of death,
  Have seemed to me uncertain,
But what if Rome with surety saith
  That she can raise the curtain?
That she can tell me what's inside
  The darkness pierced by no man,
And so I ought to take for guide
  The only Church, the Roman?

INCURIOSUS:

The question of what Church to join,
  It *is* a flimsy question,
Produced by pain in head or loin,
  Produced by indigestion;
A morbid, dull imagining
  Of people who are whimsy,
A really despicable thing,
  By Pattison called "flimsy."

DUBIUS:

Not if we've got immortal souls;
  We musn't have assumption;
If life should have immortal goals,
  Then there are fair presumptions
To make us think, since man alone
  Found not the goals nor knew them,
God sends a guide from His high throne
  To lead us surely to them.

ANGLICANUS:

O, nonsense! not the Church of Rome,
  With all her new devices!

You'll never find in her a home,
Poor fly whom she entices!
I can't conceive how any man
Who's in his sober senses,
And knows her history, ever can
Accept her false pretences;
She's not the ancient Church, nor true:
You cannot think of going
To seek a Church that's ever new,
Whose creed is always growing!

DUBIUS:

But growth's a sign of life, my friend;
The tree that grows not's dying.

ANGLICANUS:

But when shall growth like this have end?

DUBIUS:

If on the Word relying,
She's led from truth to sweeter truth,
A vessel of election,
The Spirit is her guide, in sooth,
The end shall be perfection.

INCURIOSUS:

You talk in an unwonted vein,
You put it well and neatly;
But it's a fancy of the brain,
'Twill pass away completely.
You'll live the old life as before,
Your ancient haunts will know you:
The club, bar-parlour, stage's door;
And reason soon will show you

It's wrong to fidget o'er the soul,
And worry with the question
Of how to reach some unknown goal—
It's mental indigestion.

ANGLICANUS:

For me, I like the "stage's door"
(As you, for rhyme's sake, term it,
The club, the pub, the sanded floor
I'd be no fasting hermit.
So I, in England's Church, have both,
My mutton, wine, and salmon,
My world, and my religious troth——

INCURIOSUS:

You serve both God and mammon?

DUBIUS:

And so did I; but now awhile
The future comes before me,
Dead friendly faces seem to smile,
Dead wistful eyes implore me
To meet again beyond the grave.
Then o'er me comes the feeling
That there's one Church to guide and save,
The Face of God revealing,
God's tree, whereon His birds may perch
For shelter, consolation——

ANGLICANUS:

But why not in the English Church
Find, if you want, salvation?

DUBIUS:

The Church of England? No, my friend,
If I must make selection
What road to choose, I will not wend
My way towards a section,
A fragment of the Church at best,
In hopeless isolation.
Not there the thinking mind finds rest,
The yearning heart salvation;
The world-wide Church of Rome for me,
The Ancient Church, no other,
Whose arms stretch out from sea to sea—
Man's helper, mistress, mother!
O how she comes before mine eyes,
Immortal and eternal,
Her feet on earth, within the skies
Her lovely face supernal!
O how she conquering takes her way
From Rome's eternal city,
Until she makes the world obey,
Till monarchs seek her pity!
She takes and gives the conqueror's crown,
Earth's rulers bow before her;
The untamed lion-heart bows down
In reverence to adore her.
And yet, her gifts of grace in hand,
For future and for present,
By yonder pallet see her stand,
To soothe the dying peasant.
O Church of high and Church of low!
O mother of the ages!
If e'er I move, to her I'll go,
With poor men, monarchs, sages;
I listen—almost hear her speak
To the worn heart salvation:

Don't think, my friend, I mean to seek
The church of one small nation.

INCURIOSUS:

Well, here's an outburst! Bless my heart
Old chap, you *are* a rare 'un;
But the advice I would impart—
Old fellow, keep your hair on!
Your stomach's out of sorts to-day;
That, not your soul, wants healing.

DUBIUS:

There may be truth in what you say,
And this a passing feeling;
At all events, I'll say no more:
Emotion *does* seem rotten
In this late age; and I'm a bore.

INCURIOSUS:

That's right! 'your hair you've got on!

ANGLICANUS:

Past six! I dine at seven to-day.

INCURIOSUS:

Well, come, you two hard hitters;
The "Yorkshire Grey's" across the away,
Let's have a gin and bitters.

POLITICS.

SCENE : *Underwater's rooms, looking on the Embankment.*

FADLER :

THE sunshine hath a softer hue :
  Red in the copse is every spray,
Red leaves the sodden pathway strew :
  Ah, hectic is the year's decay !
The year lies on its dying bed,
  A funeral dirge the wind is playing,
The autumn his last word hath said—
  Then let's discuss the world's decaying.

Have you read the singular book
  By the pessimistic Pearson,
Who says that black is the world's outlook,
  Man's face hath looks of fears on ?
For I've read the book, and as far as I see
  The argument 'gainst it's *nil.*

UNDERWATER :

Then how can you be, O how can you be
  A militant Liberal still ?

FADLER :

The question's extremely wide,
  And it's hard, there's no denying,
But I'll state my case, define my side,
  Then listen to you replying.

But first of all, your soda bring,
  And we'll put the whisky in it :
A Scotch and soda's the proper thing
  For a talk : and I'll begin it.

UNDERWATER :

Right ! here's the soda, here's the Scotch,
And now for your position.

FADLER :

I've never pretended that life can be mended
By any politician :
I mean, so mended as quite to repair
For ever the crack tremendous
In life's old, ill-made earthenware—
Nay, not to mend, but end us
Is what we ask of Fate : but the man
Who seeks our votes to gain
Should do a little, wherever he can
To lighten human pain.
That man of wisdom's the man for me.
I see no cure for our ill.

UNDERWATER :

Then how can you be, O how can you be
A militant Liberal still ?

FADLER :

We may not every task decline
Since swiftly comes the night—
My creed and aim I'd thus define—
"Work whilst ye have the light."

UNDERWATER :

But Pearson's creed is this, old chap,
You're only bringing faster
The day of our supreme mishap,
The earth's supreme disaster.

You Lib'rals sow : and we shall reap
  Armed men to rise and slay us :
The democratic wave will sweep
  The doomed world back to chaos.

FADLER :

The doomed world—yes, you speak aright,
  And no one can gainsay it :
If swift's the coming of the night,
  Oh, who may seek to stay it ?
But this we'll do, while work we may,
  Whom fate nor death can frighten,
Be long the night or short the day,
  Men's lives we'll seek to brighten.
And if full soon the end must come,
  And we should bring it nearer,
And all earth's voices all grow dumb,
  Yet one great voice grows clearer,
The voice of law, eternal, fixed,
  That bids us not forget
Our planet's life is intermixed
  With new worlds, rising yet,
New worlds to come in future time,
  In yet unnumbered days,
Worlds with some destiny sublime ;
  And if *our* world decays
The universe goes travelling on
  With unabated breath,
And when our little earth is gone,
  Finds life from out its death :
Earth lives and suffers, then it dies,
  And when earth's life is ended,
New worlds shall from its ashes rise,
  Unknown, sublime, and splendid :

Eternal laws we all obey,
We *may* be retrogressing,
A part that lives its little day,
But the great whole's progressing.

UNDERWATER :

A cheerful creed, your creed of death !
Your law eternal's pleasant !

FADLER :

Yea, cheerful : when we rest beneath
The ruins of the present,
Or men or worlds in future time
To unknown greatness growing,
Shall on our ruins upward climb,
In somewise reap our sowing.

A BALLAD OF LINDISFARNE.

ON the Holy Isle the waters smile
As they kiss the sacred shore,
Where Aidan set his fruitful feet,
And Cuthbert made him a sure retreat
From the wan world's weary war ;

The weary war, and the strife of men,
That sounds like the Northern sea,
And ever beats on the lonely heart,
And sighs as the sea's own counterpart,
When the winds moan drearily.

Then Cuthbert lived some fair sweet days.
And when his days were sped,
They laid his bones by the holy house
That he reared, through the ages dolorous,
To live when his life was dead.

And mass and matins and vesper song
Within its walls were heard ;
When nought they could hear without but the sea,
Whose voice rang the doom of things to be,
And the plaint of the lost sea-bird.

But men's hearts change as the years go by,
And their minds are a weft undone ;
And new gods reign as the ages roll,
But in every age, to the loving soul,
The God of Love is one.

In the latter days, when the God of Love,
The clay in whose hands are we,
Was known to seek for the heart alone,
Nor care for the fashion of gold and stone,
And hues that are fair to see,

The Lord of the Marches, Walden, came
To claim the church for his own,
The brass and iron and stone and gold,
The arches and pillars manifold,
Where God had His altar throne.

'Twas his, he said, and with rude, rough men,
He came in a wide, black ship,
For his own behoof the holy place
Of all its fashion of hue and grace
With his ruthless hands to strip.

The day was done, and the Kyloe hills,
And the Cheviots far behind,
Had veiled their face with a shadow grey
Of night ; but the sun still left ray
Where the sea at rest reclined.

The hills towered up, a dark background,
And the light was fain to flee
From the weary earth, and the wayfarer
Could see no trace of the form of her;
But the light was on the sea.

For the wide, wan sea is a type of death,
And his fruitless waves are bare;
But the earth is a type of life, and she
Is dark, when the day still loves the sea,
And the last light lingers there.

"Now, land you, land you," Lord Walden said,
And they steered the ship to shore,
And marched to the church in the yellow light,
That half was day and half was night,
And cast on the dark earth's floor

Strange shapes and shadows as these men passed;
Till gazing your soul had said
'Twas another company with them went,
Whose days were over, and life was spent,
A host of the restless dead.

And as they came to the church's door,
The hinge creaked drearily,
And they set their feet on the holy floor,
And the echoes sighed, as in sorrow sore,
For evil things to be.

For God speaks oft to the ears of men,
To warn them of fate to come,
And oft He speaketh by living things,
And oft a voice in the silence brings
From lips of things that are dumb.

And all men, ere they have sinned the sin
That no tears can e'er unmake,
Or see a shadow across their path,
Or hear the voice that the silence hath,
As their deathwards way they take.

But they stayed no whit from their ruthless deed,
And they wrought with a reckless hand,
And took the iron and lead of the roof,
And stones time-hallowed, for his behoof,
The lord of the border land.

And he laughed, and he said, "Lo, now the bells,
Whereof the tower is crowned,
This day shall for ever have ceased to ring;
Come, fetch them hither, for they shall bring
Us guerdon of many a pound."

And now, as they set their hands to the work,
The great bells moved and swayed,
And the men said, "See, they are swinging. Lo,
We will have a tune before we go,
For the work is hard," they said.

"We will make them sing from their brazen throats
No dull psalm tune to-day;
They shall change their tone, and a merry song
Shall sound on the night, with a chorus long,
To cheer us on our way."

But lo, the bells, as the ropes they seized,
Chimed forth on the gathering night
A sound that the ringers had never meant
To summon, a dirge of dire portent,
And each man's face grew white.

For the bells rang out in unison
An anthem of dolorous things,
The psalm priests chant about men's bier,
As the heart sings dirges we would not hear,
When God's hand smites the strings.

As the sad heart moans when God's hand smites,
The bells sang *Requiem* ;
From the spoilers' brow great sweat drops fell,
And their lips were dry as the lips of hell,
And they knew it a dirge for them.

And still the bells sang *Requiem*,
O dona, *Domine*,
Et lux perpetua luceat ;
And each man's fearful breast thereat
Grew stormier than the sea.

And *Requiem*, *Requiem* rang the bells,
Aeternam, *Domine*,
Dona eis they wailed forth still,
In a voice more sad and a sigh more shrill
Than the wail of the weary sea.

But the Lord of the Marches laughed them to scorn,
And "Why do ye fear?" he said,
"For each man's hour of his death is sure,
And none can a respite of God procure
From the time when he must be dead."

And in silence they bore their prey to the shore ;
And now the sea was grey,
And the day was slain of the drear, long night,
And the lingering beam of the faint starlight
Hung over the water way.

And they put the bells in the wide, black ship,
  And gave her sail to the wind,
And the sea gull shrieked a dolorous cry,
And a red star fell from the lowering sky,
  As they left the shore behind.

And the ship had gone on the water-way,
  Not one hour's ride from shore,
Ere the wild winds rose, and the foam was white,
And the waves were blacker than all the night,
  And the billows 'gan to roar.

And when the first wave struck the ship,
  She reared her head to the wave,
And she groaned aloud, and sank beneath
The sea, that was ever a type of death,
  And found in the sea her grave.

And the destined crew the harsh sea slew,
  And the wild waves swallowed them,
And the bells and the voices of men are still
For ever: but ever the sea is shrill,
  And the sea sings *Requiem.*

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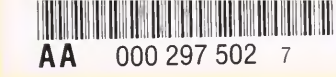
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